

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOLUME I.—NO. 30.

Poetry.

The Broken Friendship.

Farwell I had not thought to blend
A "Broken Friendship" with that time;
I thought these ties too strong to rend,
Which once we fondly called our own.
I had not even dreamed that thought,
With us could come to break the chain
So firmly linked—so firmly wrought.
So true and linked—so firmly wrought.
But it is broken—and yet—and yet
"Tis very bitterness to me
To speak one word mixed with regret,
Distrust, or wrong, or hate of thee.
Oh! thou hast lightly sacrificed
The love of years long tried and true,
And all that I most highly prize,
To Honor, Truth, and Friendship due.
And M—, I had not dreamed of this,
For we were lovers in our youth;
And then we formed the bond—the kiss
Of Friendship, in its purest truth.
But that is past! and thou and I
No more will meet as we have met,
And we must be as strangers now,
And I must teach me to forget.
But fare thee well! thou'lt be forced from pride
These words of cold reproach and blame;
And I had almost rather died,
Than thou hadst forfeited the claim.
Than thou—than thou—than thou—
For ye in "Broken Friendship's" spell
Go forth thy way—in sorrow now,
Than anger—now—I say farewell.

Miscellany.

The Church-Yard Watch.

A TRUE TALE.

The dead are watched! lest the living should
Prey on them!—'Tis a strange alliance—of
The living with DEATH—that his kingdom and sov-
ereignty may remain untrenched upon. In
different parts of England, we have seen
watch-boxes, almost entirely composed of
glass, built in lonesome church-yards, of which
generally the parish sexton, and perhaps his
dog (ill-fated among men and dogs), are the
appointed nightly tenants; with liberty, ceded
or taken, to leave their dull lamp in the watch-
box, and roam, here and there, at their pleasure,
among the graves, until day-light. What
stern necessities man forces upon man! There
can scarce be a more colorless lot, or making
allowance for the almost in-born shudderings
of the human heart, a more appalling one,
than that of the poor grave-scooper or bell-
puller who is thus doomed to spend his
nights, summer and winter. Habit, indeed,
may eventually blunt the first keenness of his
aversion, if not terror: he may serve a due ap-
prenticeship to horrors, and learn his trade.
After a thousand secret and unowned strug-
gles to seem brave and indifferent, he may at
last grow callously courageous. His flesh may
cease to creep as he strides on, in his ac-
customed round, over the abodes of the silent
and mouldering, and hears his own dull footstep
echoed through the frequent dreary hollows
beneath. But what has he gained, now, be-
yond the facility of earning his wretched crust
for himself and his crying infants?—We have
seen and spoken with such an unhappy being,
who seemed to have lost, in the struggle which
conquered nature's special antipathy (nature
in a breast and mind, like his, at least), most
of the other sympathies of his kind. He had
a heavy, ox-like expression of face; he would
scarce speak to his neighbours (although he
constrived to make him eloquent) when they
passed him at his door, or in the village street;
his own children feared or disliked him, and
did not smile nor whisper in his presence. We
have watched him into the church-yard, at his
usual hour, after night-fall; and as he began
to stalk about there, the ghastly sentinel of the
dead, he appeared to be in closer fellowship with
them, than with the fair existence which he
scarce more than nominally shared. It was
said, indeed, that, upon his initiation, at a
tender age and under peculiar circumstances,
into his profession of church-yard watchman,
temporary delirium prepared him for its regu-
lar and steady pursuit ever since; and that, al-
though he showed no symptoms of distinct
insanity, when we knew him, the early visita-
tion had left a gloom on his mind, and a thick
nervous insensibility in his heart, which then,
at forty-five, formed his character. In fact,
we learned a good deal about him, for every one
that of him—and, as he had been hinted, much
of that good deal from himself; and he said nothing
of his wife, in his absence; and if he did not de-
liberately invent fables of his past trials, for the
purpose of gratifying a little spirit of mockery
of our undisciplined interest, as used as the mad-
dest bedlamite he must have been upon the
occasion alluded to: nay, to recount, with a
grave face (as he did) the particulars of the de-
lusions of his time of delirium, did not argue
him a very sound-minded man at the moment,
he gave us his confidence. We are about to
tell his story, at length, in our own way, how-
ever; that is, we shall try to model into our

own language (particularly the raving parts)
what his neighbours, his spouse, and his own
slow-moving and heavy lips, have, from time
to time, supplied us with.

He was the only child of an affectionate and
gentle-mannered father, who died when he was
little more than a boy, leaving him, sickly and
pining. His mother, wept a month, mourned
three months more, and was no longer a wid-
ow. Her second husband proved a surly fel-
low, who married her little fortune, rather than
herself, as the means of keeping his quart, pot
filled, almost from morning to night, at the
village Tap, where he played good-fellow and
politician to the expressed admiration of all his
companions. He had long been the parish
sexton, and took up his post, night after night,
in the church-yard. Little fear had he of what
he might see there; or, he had out-grown his
fears; or, if he thought or felt of the matter,
the lovely delusion which he was known to
make in that strange banquet-place, served to
drug him into obliviousness. He deemed his
duty—or he said and swore he did—only a
tiresome and slavish one, and hated it just as
he hated daily labour. And—as he declared
and harangued at the Tap—he had long ago
forsworn it, only that it paid him well; but now
that his marriage made his circumstances easier,
he was determined to drink alone in the church-
yard no longer; and he fed an idle, useless lad
at home, who with his dog—as idle as he—
roamed and loitered about, here and there,
and had never yet done a single thing to earn
their bread. But it was full time that both
were taught the blessings of industry; and he
would teach them;—and now that he thought
of it—why should not Will take his place in
the watchbox, and so keep the shillings in the
family? His friends praised his views, one and
all, and he grew twice resolved.

Returned the next morning from his noctur-
nal charge, he reeled to bed in solemn, drunken
determination. He arose towards evening,
only half reclaimed by sleep to ordinary
sense, and set about his work of reformation.
He ate his meal in silence, turned from the
table to the fire without a word, looked at the
glass, grimly contemplative, then grumbling
suddenly at his wife—"And where is that
trout now?" he asked: "down by the marshes
with his cur, I suppose; or gone a-scutting, or
lying stretched in the sun, the two idlers to-
gether, what—and must I work and work,
and strive and strive, I, for ever—and will
he never lend me a hand? go where he likes,
do what he likes, and laugh and fatten on my
labour!"

"Master Hunks," said the wife, "Will is sick-
ly, and won't fatten on either your labour or
mine—not to talk of his own;—you know 'tis
a puny lad, and wants some favour yet; a while;
with God's help, and ours, he may be stronger
soon."

Will and dog here came in. From what
followed, this evening, it will be seen, that the
ill-fated lad, promised in early youth to be of
an open, kindly, intelligent character, very
different indeed from that in which we found
him huddled up, at five and forty.

He saluted his Step-father, and sat down
quietly near the fire. His poor dumb com-
panion—friend of his boyhood, and his father's
gift—coiled himself up before the blaze, and
prepared to surrender his senses to happy sleep,
interspersed with dreams of all the sports he
had enjoyed with his master that day. Hunks,
his eye glancing from one object of dislike to
the other, kicked the harmless brute, who jump-
ed up, yelping in pain and bitter lamentation,
and ran for shelter under Will's chair. Will's
pale cheek broke out into colour, his weak eye
sparkled, his feeble voice arose shrilly, and he
asked—"Why is my poor dog beaten?"

"The lazy cur!" said Hunks—"he was in my
way, and only got paid for idleness."

"'Twas ill-done," resumed Will—"he was my
father's dog, and my father gave him to me;
and if my father were alive and well, he would
not hurt him, nor see him hurt." Tears inter-
rupted this sudden fit of spirit.

"Cur, as much as he is!" retorted Hunks—"do
you put upon me, here at my own fire-side,
you are the idler—and he only learns of you—and I had'n't ought to have
served him, and you so near me."

"It has been God's will," said the boy, "to
keep my strength from me."
"Be silent and hear me!" roared Hunks—"this
is your life, I say—playing truant for ever—and
what is mine and your own good mother's here?"
"Master Hunks," pleaded the wife—"God
knows I don't grudge nothing I can do for my
poor Will's sake."
"And you—not a word from you either,
Missis!" granted Hunks—"I am put upon by
one and 't'other of you—ye sleep in comfort
every night, and leave me to go a-watching,
out o' doors, there, in all weathers; but stop
a bit, my son, it ain't be this way much
longer; I'll have my natural rest in my bed,
some time or other, and soon; and you must
earn it for me."

"How, father? how can I earn it?" asked

Will—"I would if I could—but how? I have
n't learnt no trade, and you know as well as
any one knows it; I am not able to work in
the fields or on the roads, or get my living
any one way."

"Then you can sit still and watch—that's
light work," muttered Hunks. "Watch!"
cried mother and son together—"watch what?
and where? or whom?"

"The deal folk in the churchyard!" as if
"Heaven defend me from it!" cried poor Will,
clapping his hands and falling back in his
chair.

"Ay, and this very night," continued the
despot—"this very night you shall mount
guard in my place, and I shall have my lawful
sleep, while the whole parish cries shame on me
for not having Hunks ago!"

"Master Hunks will kill the boy!" cried
the mother—"Missis—don't you go for to cross me, so
often!"—remonstrated her husband with a fixed
look, which, short as they had been, one flesh,
she had reason to understand and shrink at—
"Come, my man, stir yourself; 'tis time you
were at the gate; the churchlock has struck;
they will expect us"—he interrupted himself in
a great rage, and with a great oath—"but here
I keep talking, and the cur never minds a word
I say!"—Come along!

"Don't lay hands on him!" screamed the
mother as he strode towards the boy—"what
I have often told you has come to pass, Mas-
ter Hunks—you have killed him!"

Hunks scoffed at the notion, although, in-
deed, Will's hands had fallen helplessly at his
side, and his chin rested on his breast, while
his eyes were closed, and his lips apart. But
he had only become insensible from sheer ter-
ror, acting on a weak frame. Sighs and groans
soon gave notice of returning animation. His
mother then earnestly besought their tyrant to
go on his night's duty, and, at least till the
following night, leave her son to her care.

Half in fear of having to answer for a murder,
incredulously as he pretended to speak, Hunks
turned out of the house, growing and threaten-
ing.

"Is he gone?" asked Will, when he regained
his senses—"gone not to come back?"—and
having heard his mother's gentle assuranc-
es, he let his head fall on her shoulder, weep-
ing while he continued:

"Mother, mother, it will destroy the little
life I have! I could not bear it for an hour!
The dread I am in of it was born with me!
When I was a child of four years, I had dreams
of it, and I remember them to this day; they
used to come in such crowds round my cradle!

As I grow up, you see and you know my weak-
ness. I could never sit still in the dark, nor
even in the daylight out of doors in lonesome
places. Now in my youth—a lad—almost a
man—I am ashamed to speak of my inward
troubles. Mother, I do not know myself!

I walk out sometimes down by the river, and
listening to the noise of the water over the
rocks, where it is shallow, and to the rustling
of the trees as they nod in the twilight, voices
and shrieks come round me—sometimes they
break on my ears—and I have turned to see
what thing it was that spoke, and thought some
grey tree at my side had only just changed and
become motionless, and seemed as if a moment
before, it had been something else, and had a
tongue, and said the words that frightened me!

—Oh, it was but yester evening I ran home
from the river-side, and felt no heart within me
till I had come in here to the freestone, and seen
you moving near me!

"You know the lone house all in ruins upon
the hill—I fear it, mother, more than my tongue
can tell you! I have been taken through it,
in my dreams, in terrible company, and here
I could describe to you its bleak apartments,
one by one—its vaults, pitch dark, and half-
filled with stones and rubbish, and choked up
with weeds—its winding, creeping stair-cases,
and its flapping windows—I know them all,
though my feet never yet crossed its thresh-
old!—Never, mother, though I have gone
near it, to enter it, and see if what I had dreamt
of it was true; and I went in the first light
of the morning; but when close by the door-
way, the rustle of the shrubs and weeds start-
led me, and I thought—but sure that was fan-
cy—that some one called me in by name—and
then I turned and raced down the hill, never
looking back till I came to the meadow ground
where cows and sheep are always grazing, and
heard the dogs barking in the town, and the
voices of the children at play!"

"Will, my king," said his mother, soothingly,
"this is all mere childishness at your years.
God is above us and around us; and even if
evil and strange things are allowed to be on
earth, he will shield us from all harm. Arouse
up like a man! for, indeed, your time of boy-
hood is passing—nay, it has passed with other
lads not much older; only you have been poor-
ly and weakly from your cradle, Will. Come
to sleep; and before you lie down, pray for
better health and strength to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he repeated—"and did my
step-father say any thing of to-morrow?"

His mother answered him evasively, and he
resumed—"Oh, how I fear to-morrow!—oh,
mother, you have loved me, and you do love
me—for my weakness, my ill-health, and my
diffidencies—and you loved my father—oh, for
his sake as well as mine, mother, keep me
from it, if you would keep me alive another
day!"

He went in his little sleeping apartment, stricken
to the very soul with supernatural fears.
After spending a miserable night, he stole
out of the house next morning, and wandered
about the private walks adjacent to the town,
until he thought his step-father might have
arisen and taken his usual walk to the Tap.
But as the lad was about to re-enter the house,
Hunks met him at the threshold. Will shrank
back to his surprise and comfort, however, his
fears now seemed ill-founded. The man bid
him good-morrow in a cheerful and kind a-
tone as he could command, shook his hand,
tapped him on the head, and left the house.
Delighted, though still agitated, Will sought
his mother within doors, told her his good
omens, and spent a happy day. At dinner-
time, notwithstanding Hunks' presence, the mo-
ther and son enjoyed themselves, so amiable
had the despot become, at least in appearance.

When their meal was over, Hunks, as if to
attain the height of civility, invited Will to go
out with him for a walk by the river—and
leave Barker (Will's dog) for company," con-
tinued Hunks; "he may show us sport with
a rat, or such like, Will."

Accordingly, the three strolled out together,
Will leading the way by many a well-known
ledge or tuft of bushes, or undermined bank,
the resorts of the water-rat, and sometimes of
the outlaw otter; and Barker upheld his char-
acter, by starting, hunting down, and killing
one of the first-mentioned animals. As twi-
light came on, they turned their faces toward
the little town. They entered it, its little
hum of life was now hushed; its streets silent,
and almost deserted; its doors and windows
barred and bolted, and the sounds of the rush-
ing river and the thumping mill were the only
ones which filled the air. The clock pealed
ten as they continued their way. Hunks had
grown suddenly silent and reserved. They
passed the old Gothic church, and now were pass-
ing the gate which led into its burial-ground,
Hunks stopped short. His grey, bad eye fell
on the old "Will," he said, "I be thinking
we've walked enough for this time."

"Enough, indeed, and thank you for your
company—and good night, father," answered
Will, trying to smile, though he began to
tremble.

"Good night then, my man—and here be
your watch-light," and Hunks drew a dark
lantern from his huge pocket.

"Nay, I want no light home," said Will;
"I know the way so well; and 'tis not very
dark; and you know you can't do without it
on your post."

"My post?" Hunks laughed villainously—
your post, you mean, Will; take it; I be
thinking I shall sleep sound to-night without a
dead-light—as if I were a corpse to need it.
Come along."

"You cannot have the heart to ask me!"
cried Will, stepping back.

"Pho, my man!" Hunks clatched him by
the shoulder, with one hand, with the other
unlocked the gate and flung it open—"In with
you; you'll like it so in a few nights, you'll
wish no better post; the dead chaps be civil
enough; only treat them well, and let them
walk awhile, and they make very good com-
pany." He dragged Will closer to the gate.

"Have mercy!" shrieked the wretched lad,
trying to kneel, "or kill me first, father, to
make me company for them, if that will please
you."

"Get in!" roared the savage—"get in!—ay,
hollo out, and twist about, so, and I'll pitch
your shivering carcass half way across the
churchyard!"—he forced him in from the gate—
"stop a bit, how—there be your lantern!"—
he set it down on a tomb-stone—"so, good
night—yonder's your box—just another word—
don't you be caught strolling too near the
murderer's corner, over there, or you may trip
and fall among the things that turn and twine
on the ground, like roots of trees, to guard
him."

With a new and piercing shriek, Will clung
close to his fell tormentor. Hunks, partially
carrying into effect a threat he had uttered,
tore the lad's hands away, tossed him to some
distance, strode out at the gate, locked it,
and Will was alone with horror.

At first an anguish of fear kept him stupe-
fied and stationary. He had fallen on a fresh-
ly-piled grave, to which mechanically his fin-
gers clung and his face joined, in avoidance
of the scene around. But he soon recollected
what clay it was he clung to, and at the thought
he started up, and, busied as the sleepers
around him, made some observations. High
walls quite surrounded the churchyard, as if to
part him from the habitable world. His lamp
was burning upon the tombstone where Hunks
had placed it—one dim red spot amid thick

darkness. The church clock now tolled eleven.
It ceased; his ears ached in the resumed silence,
and he listened and started about him for what
he feared. Whispers seemed to arise near him.
He ran for his lamp, snatched it up, and in-
stinctively hurried to the watch-box. Oh, he
wished it made of solid rock—it was chiefly
framed of glass, useless as the common air to
his terrors! He shut his eyes, and pressed his
palms upon them—vain subterfuge!—The fevered
spirit within him brought before his mind's
vision worse things than the churchyard could
yawn up, were all that superstition has fancied
of it true. He looked out from his watch-box
in refuge from himself.

That evening a half-moon had risen early,
and, at this moment, was sinking in gathering
clouds behind distant hills. As he vaguely no-
ticed the circumstance, he felt more and more
desolate. Simultaneously with the disappear-
ance of the planet, the near clock began again
to strike—he knew what hour! Each stroke
smote his ear as if it would crack the nerve; at
the last, he shrieked out deliriously! He had a
pause from agony, then a struggle for depart-
ing reason, and then he was at rest.

At day-break his step-father found him asleep.
He led him home. Will sat down to break-
fast, smiling, but did not speak a word. Often,
during the day, his now brilliant eye turned to
the west; but why, his mother could not tell:
until, as the evening made up her couch of
clouds there, drawing around her the twilight
for drapery, he left the house with an unusu-
ally vigorous step, and stood at the gate of the
churchyard. Again he took up his post. Again
the hour of twelve pealed from the old church,
but now he did not fear it. When it had fully
sounded, he clapped his hands, laughed, and
shouted.

The imaginary whispers he had heard the
previous night—small, cautious whispers—came
round him again; first, from a distance, then
nearer and nearer. At last he shaped them
into words—"Let us walk," they said—"though
he watches us, he fears us." He—'twas strange
to hear the dim dead speak to a living man,
of himself! the maniac laughed again at the fancy,
and replied to them:

"Ay, come! appear! I give leave for it. Ye
are about in crowds, I know, not yet daring
to take up your old bodies till I please; but, up
with them!—Graves, split on, and yield me my
subjects! for am I not king of the churchyard?
Obey me!—ay, now your mouths gape—and
what a yawning!—are ye musical, too?—a ju-
bilee of groans!—out with it, in the name of
Death!—blast it about like giants carousing!"

"Well blown!—and now a thousand heads
popped up at once—their eyes fixed on mine,
as if to ask my further leave for a resurrection;
and they know I am good-humoured now, and
grow upward, accordingly, like a grove of bare
trees that have no sap in them. And now
they move; passing along in rows, like trees,
too, that glide by one on a bank, while one
sails merrily down the river—and all stark star-
ing silent; and others stand bolt upright against
their own headstones to contemplate. I wonder
what they think of! Move! move! young
old, boys, men, pale girls, and palsied grand-
mothers—my churchyard can never hold 'em!

And yet how they pass each other from corner
to corner! I think they make way through one
another's bodies, as they do in the grave. They'll
dance anon. Minnets at least, they begin
already—and what partners!—a tall, genteel
young officer takes out our village witch of the
wild—she that died at Christmas—and our
last rector smirks to a girl of fifteen—ha, ha!
you tattered little fellow is a musical, making
a leg of the old duchess—music!—music!—Go,
some of you that look on there, and toll the
dead bell! Well done! they tie the murderer
to the bell-rope by the neck (though he was
hanged before) and the bell swings out merrily!
But what face is here?"

It was the vision of a child's face, which he
believed he caught staring at him through the
glass of his watch-box—the face of an only
brother who had died young. The wretch's
laughter changed into tears and low wailings.
By the time that his mother came to seek him,
just at day-break, he was, however, again
laughing; but in such a state as to frighten
mirth from her heart and lips till the day she
died. As has been said, symptoms of positive
insanity did not long continue to appear in his
words or actions; yet when he recovered, there
was still a change in him—a dark and disagree-
able change, under the inveterate confirmation
of which, the curious student of human nature
may, at this moment, observe him in his native
village.

Time is but a name; it is what is done
in time that is the substance: what are twenty-
four centuries to the hard rock, more than
twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four min-
utes to the ephemera?—Are there not periods
in our true existence in which space, computed
by its true measure of thoughts, feelings, and
events, mocks the penalty of man's artificial
scale, and comprises a lifetime in a day.

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"Spiritual Manifestations."

Under this head, we find, in some of the political journals of the day, a synopsis of a discourse recently delivered by Rev. SAMUEL K. LATHROP, D.D., at the church in Brattle Square, Boston, Mass. Taking for his text Hebrews XI, 4, after some circumlocutory observations on the power exerted by the dead over the living! the Rev. gentleman enters upon the subject of Spiritual manifestations in the following seemingly candid manner:

But do not the dead sometimes come nearer to us than this? Do they not speak to us directly through some living voice, or write to us through some living hands? Do they not sometimes lift the veil that separates the spiritual from the material, and in some way make us a direct passive communication?

These are questions exciting no little interest at the present time. The hold which the doctrine called "Spiritualism" is taking upon the public mind in many Christian communities, is one of the extraordinary features of our age. But too prominent to be met by sneer and ridicule—a doctrine too solemn and momentous to be hastily believed on limited and inconclusive evidence—I do not propose to discuss this matter fully and thoroughly, but its close connection with the general subject of this discourse, seems to demand a brief allusion to it.

After thus commencing, he looks around upon his congregation, observes the knitting brows of those to whom he has to look for the dollars that are to make up the amount of his salary, and hastens to administer to them the antidote which he sees is necessary to counteract the effect of his first dose, and restore amity between them. With this view he proceeds to say that he, too, has, at several times, visited circles where spiritual manifestations were supposed to be received; but, although he there witnessed phenomena which he could not explain by any known laws of matter or mind, the testimony given to prove its spiritual source was invalidated by the insignificance and puerility of the matter communicated.

He felt assured that, if the spirits of departed friends could return to earth and produce raps on tables, move furniture, &c., "they must have power to manifest themselves to me by some material action more dignified, more important and useful than these."

Like all of his class, this divine has imbibed the unreasonable and unphilosophical sentiment, that every mind which passes into the second state of existence, whether it have lived in ignorance and error, to advanced age, in this mundane sphere, or whether it was removed in infancy ere it had capacity to receive knowledge from teaching or observation, must be instantly baptised in the font of celestial wisdom, and be miraculously imbued with the knowledge of archangels. He cannot conceive it possible that the infant or untaught mind can be in heaven, where all wisdom and knowledge dwell, even for a single week, without arriving at the climax of angelic perfection. He cannot comprehend, or dare not seem to comprehend, that the undeveloped and untaught spirit must necessarily first learn the wisdom and knowledge which it lacks, before it can have them. He cannot understand that the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, pervade all spheres, as well celestial as rudimental, and that progress, from low to high, from weak to strong, from small to great, from ignorance to knowledge, and from infante "puerility" to the highest development of intellectual capability, is the law which regulates the whole economy of Gods government.

Let such a man visit a circle where sits the bereaved mother, longing to hear tidings from that object of her heart's fondest affections which was taken from her in childhood, and which her orthodox teachings have induced her to fear is a subject of Gods unpassable wrath, because she had omitted to have water thrown in its face, in the name of the Lord; and let him witness the simple method of communication, by those ticking sounds on the table, through which it says: "Dear mother, I am your little daughter whom you have supposed to be dead. I am not dead. I am happy in heaven, and love you more dearly than ever." We say, let him witness such a communication, and what will be his report to those from whom he expects to draw his yearly stipend, and from whom he has nothing to expect but scornful looks and reproachful language, if he speak the truth of his convictions? He has told you what would be his report—he would exclaim, *puerility!* and ostentatiously affirm that the spirits of the departed would not think of approaching their surviving friends in such an *undignified* manner.

Now, if these manifestations from infantile and untaught minds, are to be rejected indignantly, scoffed at and scorned, by those mighty intellects who affect to be the lights of the world and the finger-posts of peccable mortals who are enquiring their way to heaven, what will they say of the dignity of that angel who came down from heaven and wrestled all night with Jacob? This, to short-sighted humanity, does not look more dignified, in an angel, than rapping on tables, by spirits infinitely below them. Nor can the incarnate mind perceive what this Rev. caviller would denominate dignity, in the two angels who took supper with Lot, eating the unleavened bread which he baked for them, or in their first preferring to stay in the street all night, and then consenting to go in and partake of Lots hospitality. And we doubt not that he would not scout the idea, as too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment by a man of his dignity, that an angel should come down from heaven and show himself to us as, with a sword in his hand. All these, however, are

matters of bible history, the truth of which he dare not question. Nor shall we condemn them as false, not knowing what the disembodied hosts of heaven may have found it necessary to do on earth, in those days. He would, doubtless, feel himself authorized to pronounce sentence of damnation upon any one who should entertain a doubt of the truth of the history in which these accounts are contained, although it has come to us from an age of superstition and ignorance, and through long ages of intellectual, moral and spiritual darkness, having undergone many translations from language to language, the idioms of which are continually changing from generation to generation, so that it is difficult to determine, by the language of to-day, what was intended to be understood by the terms used by those who wrote in long bygone times. But whilst such as this denouncer of spiritualism hurst the anathemas of the church upon those who question the correctness of this ancient history, they do not hesitate to condemn as false, undignified and ridiculous, not only what they are assured is true by men and women of the highest moral standing, but even what they see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears.

It does seem strange that, whilst these denouncers are so freely dealing out Gods curses to unbelievers in the spiritualism of ancient times, they do not give a moment's consideration to the fact that they are passing sentence upon themselves for a tenfold more culpable want of faith. They are standing in the midst of spiritual communications and demonstrations, holding their eyes fast closed and uttering execrations against all who believe the evidence of their own senses. If those whom they denounce as infidels are damned, what shall be their own fate!

Physical Manifestations by Spirits.

Elevated or progressing spirits have no impediments to surmount, in their bright and happy abodes in the spirit world: but when love and duty prompt them to return to earth, to shed their hallowed influence upon their brethren in the flesh, and to give them palpable evidence of their existence and presence, that they may no longer doubt the immortality of the human soul, they have difficulties to surmount, and such difficulties as frequently defeat their purposes.

In order that spirits may succeed in giving extraordinary physical manifestations, it is necessary that there should be a powerful medium, well adapted to that purpose. With such a medium, spirits can produce physical manifestations in presence of mixed companies; by which we mean believers and doubters. If the medium be not very powerful, it requires a harmonious circle and otherwise favorable conditions, or failures to manifest will frequently occur. Very hot weather, damp atmosphere, or a close, unventilated or warm room, are insuperable impediments, without a powerful medium, even if the circle are harmonious. But inharmony, or clashing minds and determined skepticism, will rarely fail to defeat all attempts of the spirits to produce such manifestations as moving heavy bodies, or performing well on instruments of music.

It is impracticable for large companies of doubting minds to receive any thing like remarkable manifestations, in presence of any medium which we have in Buffalo. Two or three doubters, in a circle, are as many as should ever be admitted at one time. And even these may be assured that the manifestations would have been much more powerful if they had not been present.

It is always best to begin at the a b c of every science and every mystery which we attempt to look into or investigate. The raps and tips, which are the subjects of so much mirth and ridicule, by superwise foplings and smirking Misses, constitute the a b c of the spiritual phenomena; and here every one should commence who wishes to be convinced of the truth or falsity of spiritual manifestations. In this way they will have the skepticism taken out of them gradually; and when they get up to a high order of physical manifestations, they will not suspect that some of the company are cheating them—that some girl who would find it difficult to lift a hundred pounds, was making a piano, weighing six hundred pounds, bounce about the room and dance like a puppet.

It is Better.

It is better to buy a whole pound of tea at once than to buy four quarters at four different times, particularly if you observe that there is always a weight in the scale. The reason is that, if it take an ounce to balance the scale, you will lose but one ounce in buying a whole pound; whereas you will lose four ounces in buying four quarters.

It is better to let a stubborn fool remain in ignorance and error, than to attempt to convince him with arguments which he cannot comprehend. It will save time and breath, and, mayhap, be the means of preserving your equanimity.

It is better to give your old boots and hats to the needy, than to let them accumulate in the garret. They will not make carpet rags—thinly keep them!

It is better to let the petty dealer cheat you out of a penny, peaceably, than to stand and quarrel with him about it. Your best way to punish him is to go somewhere else and let him lose the profit of your custom. A quarrel will injure your feelings and your reputation, more than the value of a thousand pennies.

"It is better," said the Quakeress, when her spirit moved her to speak in meeting—"to sew and rip, than to sit still and do nothing."

We are having the early rains.

The Liquor Law.

It is evident that a majority of the people of this state have been, for years, anxious to have a law enacted to prevent the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which they had good reason to believe was the parent of most of the vices which prevail among the people, and, consequently, the cause of extreme poverty, wretchedness and oppressive taxation. A bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, excepting for specified purposes, has, at length, been passed by the legislature and received the sanction of the Executive of the State. The law, in itself, is stringent enough to subserve the purpose for which it is designed, if it shall be obeyed by all classes, or if all who have been active in procuring its enactment shall take equal interest and be equally active in carrying it into effect.

Now comes the important question: Will the advocates of temperance—the men and women who have continually petitioned and harangued and talked and scolded the legislature and the Executive, into the enactment and sanction of this law, exert themselves unitedly, constantly and efficiently, to have it enforced in all cases of infringement, in all its length and breadth and bearings? Let us say to them that if they do not take this duty upon themselves, the law will not—cannot, be enforced, and it will soon become a dead letter in the statute book, as have all the excise laws that have heretofore been enacted. It is useless to say that the law itself provides means for carrying it into effect, by making it the duty of public officers to watch and prosecute all violators. We tell you that public officers are elected by the people, and that many of the most influential and active ones at elections are liquor dealers now, and will continue to be liquor dealers at almost any hazard, till they have been made the victims of the law. These will use their greatest efforts to get men elected to those offices named by this law, who will shut up one eye, if not both, when it becomes necessary for them to enter suspected premises. We think we are warranted in saying that the majority of public officers, such as we have had from long ago to the present time, think full half as much of good brandy as they do of their official oaths, and, if they could find any, would quite as soon drink it contrary to law, as to destroy it according to the requirement of the statute. Now, let it be expressly understood that we admit that all are not so, and that we include the reader, if he be a good and true officer, among the exceptions.

However good and true and vigilant those officers may be, who are designated to carry the law into effect, it is an impracticability for them to do it, without the aid of a majority of the people. A majority have aided in procuring the enactment of the laws; otherwise it should not be a law. By this we mean that a majority have either acted in favor of it, or favored it by abstaining from opposition, and silently giving consent. And if a majority have favored its enactment, it becomes the imperative duty of that majority to see that it is not suffered to die the death of its predecessors. Depend on this: If this law is suffered to be evaded by winking at the violations of here one favorite and there another, it will go to the charnel house of dead and rotten statutes before the end of one year from this day.

The law, as it has been passed, is in the hands of all those who intend to sell liquor in violation of its restrictions and in defiance of its penalties; and they are now devising ways and means to carry out their intentions. The most honorable of these, will sell openly, trusting that the courts will protect them by condemning the law as unconstitutional. Hundreds of others, even in this city, will be, and we have reason to believe, now are, preparing back rooms and secret entrances, where confidential customers are to be accommodated. All these hiding places and dark holes are to be sought out and the offenders dealt with according to law. And this is only justice to other liquor dealers who will peaceably and honorably relinquish the business, according to the requirement of the law. And of these there will be many. We do not happen to be of the opinion which seems to prevail among ultra temperance men, who are so intemperate in the denunciation of liquor dealers, that they deny the existence of honesty or honor among them. We have, in earlier life, dealt in intoxicating liquors; and we feel conscious that we were then as honest and honorable as we are now. It is true that the miseries which we have witnessed continually, and which have had their origin in that traffic, have given a different aspect to it from what we could then discover. But there can be no doubt that it was then as pernicious, in itself, as it is now. Many of the present liquor dealers are probably as blind to the evil consequences of the traffic as we were then; and it would be tantamount to self-condemnation for us to denounce them all as the worst of men. To this class of liquor dealers, we say, it is your duty to see that this law is enforced against those violators who have up, up to the present time, injured your legitimate business by selling without paying a dollar into the treasury in the way of license. If you are not allowed to sell, you should not allow them to sell.

This, we believe, is about the amount of what we felt it our duty to say on this subject. And we are happy to feel a consciousness that what we have said is true.

The Sacred Circle.

This magazine, for the month of April, is full of matter worthy of perusal by all classes of people, and particularly by those whose minds are engaged on the subject of Spiritualism. The "dialogues between a Spiritualist and Skeptic," which are continued from number to number, are interesting and instructive.

The second following is the of the series of lectures, communicated through Rev. C. HAMMOND, of Rochester. The most remarkable circumstance, in relation to the communication of these lectures, is the fact which many of our readers have been apprised of, that they were received, from two to five words at a time, in letters seemingly of gold, engraved on what appeared like a highly polished steel plate, about a foot square. We repeat this circumstance for the information of those distant readers who have become subscribers to the paper since our last issue.

LOVE AND WISDOM.

LESSON II.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 28th, 1853.

"Blind arrogance to snatch from Heaven Dominion not to mortals given."

Incomprehensibility lieth in a measureless infinity. Finite beings comprehend only fragmentary portions of the infinite immensity. Strange is the theory of endless progression to the conservation of modern infallibility. Deductions professedly resulting from an infinite God, are accepted as the basis of confidence; but who can calculate correctly, and deduce just conclusions from premises infinitely surpassing comprehension?

The great error into which man has unfortunately fallen, consists in assuming as true what he alleges is a just deduction from certain premises; viz:

FIRST.—Man has alleged, that the infinite God must be infinitely good, and, consequently, whatever comes from God must correspond with his infinite love. Does man understand what infinite love is? Does he comprehend it? Has he any data, or rule, by which to determine the result of such love? If angels cannot comprehend infinite love, nor properly estimate the result of that love, how shall they whose advantages are more circumscribed and limited?

Finite love may be comprehended by finite beings. Finite love involves men and women in finite joys and sorrows. Love unites male and female in union—in the marriage covenant and legal relationship. Consequent upon such union, joy and sorrow arise—joy when all is bright, prosperous, pleasing, agreeable, satisfactory—sorrow when the dark curtain of adversity throws its shadows of despondency, dejection, bereavement, pain, anguish, into the soul. Disappointment, ambition and expectation fill the mind with gloom and sadness. What has done this? United they live; united they suffer. Could there be any suffering without love? Would there be any pain without feeling? As truly as love begets joy, so does it induce pain. Without love the two would not be sufferers on each others account. Their misfortunes are felt because of their loves. Therefore, love is not a preventive of sorrow; but, in adversity, it makes the calamity more unendurable, because it is felt with greater intensity.

SECOND.—Allowing mind to judge from what it knows, who shall decide that infinite love will avoid all seeming evil? Who shall demonstrate that infinite love will operate so as to produce happiness only? If finite love does not restrain and prevent finite evils, who will show, that any number of finite loves can accomplish the perfect enjoyment of mind; or that infinite love is inconsistent with the sorrows, trials, misfortunes and evils, to which all human minds are subject? Deity will be no more, or less, to-morrow than he is to-day. His love will be no greater or stronger in heaven than in earth, in the future than in the present; yet evils exist, notwithstanding his love, notwithstanding his love, notwithstanding the love of angels. Love is not, therefore, the preventive of evils; but is the cause of more intense and acute suffering, under many circumstances.

THIRD.—God is not love alone; but he is wisdom and power. It is a false position to rest in love alone. Think you not that even brutes love? Know you not that even the lowest condition of humanity loves? Go where Africa's sable sons and daughters meet and mingle in their festive circles; where hilarity, and glee, and joy smile, and warm hearts feel. Are they without suffering? Nay. Because they have love, are they blessed—saved from all sorrows, griefs, and pains? I tell you, nay. Go where these sons and daughters toil, to furnish bread and clothing and houses for their masters. Are they without love, even towards those whose power is exerted to crush and oppress? Does their love avoid the evil? I tell you, nay. And does your love mitigate the severity of their burdens? I tell you, nay; but I tell you more—your love for them, in their oppression; makes you wretched.

FOURTH.—Associate with love, wisdom and power. Then march forward with hope, and victory will perch upon the banner. And why? Because wisdom discriminates between good and evil, and perceives how to receive the one and avoid the other. Love without wisdom is blind, for wisdom is the eye of the mind. With it, in a sufficient degree, all mortal evils are avoided. Even, with the power at your command, social evils can only be eradicated by a circulation of wisdom, co-extensive with their society; for wisdom decides all questions pertaining to its jurisdiction, and its jurisdiction is co-extensive with itself. A small degree of wisdom is better than none; because, with no wisdom, a man is a fool; with little wisdom he is foolish, with more wisdom he is more wise; and, in the exact proportion of his wisdom, will be his perfectibility in the progressive unfoldings of knowledge of the ways and means to avoid harm; and he who does no harm to himself or others is the wisest of mankind. He who does the most good and the least injury is the best of mankind. Therefore, he who upholds the weak, who cheers the despondent, who relieves the necessitous, who disabuses the

down-trodden and oppressed, who wisely carries the strength of his own heart, and the energy of his own hand to the weak, shall be numbered among the just made perfect; because, in him or her, who nobly, justly, truly, wisely, aids those that need, shall be received the reward of "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into rest." But prudence and wisdom are necessary, to guide love, to govern love, to make love a blessing without alloy. And he who shines brightest, in the galaxy of heavenly worlds, is the one that loves wisely and acts truly to the immortal attractions of this bright and beautiful sphere. Truly—oh, what a world—truly to each other speak, to each other act, with your minds imbued with light, liberty, justice, equality, love, as the cement of all other principles. Thus, you may soar progressively upward, comprehending more and more of the beautiful, the infinite; and as you comprehend, so will you magnify the works of the infinite, and praise God by doing good to man.

Thus endeth the second lesson.

Not bad Spiritualism for a D.D.

Looking into a school book, entitled, "The Second Reader, by HENRY MANDEVILLE, D.D." We find, under lesson LVI, the following:

ANGELS.

Did any one of these children ever see an angel? No. Did I ever see one? No. Did anybody ever see an angel? Yes. A great many have. Abraham did, Lot did, David did, Christ did, Peter and John did, and in the bible, you read of many who have seen angels.

But though you never saw an angel, yet you all know what an angel is. Angels are good spirits, who love God more than they love one another; more than they love themselves; more than they love anything else. They live in heaven. And what do you think they are doing there? Are they idle, do you think? No. They are never idle a moment. Sometimes God sends them away on errands, just as your parents send you. Sometimes they come down to this world to do good to good people here. When a good man dies they stand by his bed, and carry his soul up to heaven, just as you are led by the hand when you do not know the way.

This Rev. gentleman is a Presbyterian clergyman. He is not afraid of bringing down the wrath of the Presbytery upon his head, for thus testifying to the truth of Spiritualism! With one commendation, it would be true spiritual doctrine. He says: "Sometimes angels come down to do good to good men here." Spiritualists go a step farther than this, and affirm that angels come to do good to all God's children, whether they be good or bad. The mission of Christ was "to call sinners to repentance;" and this is supposed, by spiritualists, to be more the mission of angels than to call the righteous.

Born Into the Spirit World.

In this city, on the 16th inst, Mrs. GRACE DICKINSON, wife of Mr. THOS. DICKINSON, in the thirty-third year of her age. Mrs. D. had embraced the Spiritual faith; was a member of our Harmonical Society, and joyously met the change with undoubting assurance that she was entering upon a life of everlasting and ever augmenting happiness.

Dr. OLIVER, President of our Harmonical Society, went, by invitation of the bereaved husband, and officiated at the funeral, in place of a clergyman.

This is all well; but we will embrace the opportunity to suggest, that there would not be the least impropriety in calling upon a clergyman of either the Universalist or Unitarian faith, to attend the funerals of spiritualists, and speak words of consolation to their surviving friends. No clergyman of either of these sects, would deem it incumbent on him to prove, with bible in hand, that the spirit of the deceased must necessarily have entered upon an eternity of misery; as was done by an orthodox Minister, in our presence, not many weeks since.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 17th March, in Calvary Church, by Rev. Dr. SCOTT, Mr. THOMAS RICHARDSON and Miss SARAH A. ALBRO.—*San Francisco Herald.*

A law against concealed weapons has been passed by the Legislature of Louisiana. The first section declares that whoever shall carry a weapon or weapons concealed on or about his person, such as pistols, bowie knives, dirks, or any other dangerous weapon, shall be liable to prosecution by indictment or presentment, and on conviction, for the first offence shall be fined not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment for one month; and for the second offence not less than five hundred dollars, nor more than one thousand dollars, or imprisonment in the parish prison, at the discretion of the court, not to exceed three months.

The Legislature of Michigan, during its recent session, passed an act which makes provision for the organization of an Agricultural College, to be located within ten miles of the capital of the State. The object of the school shall be to improve and teach the science and practice of agriculture.

WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.—A family of six individuals were poisoned at GLEN, N. H., April 16th by using arsenic accidentally instead of salutaris in the preparation of biscuit. None of them are dead, but their lives are despaired of.

One day last week a wood chopper in Hydepark, Vt., thirty with his labor, chopped a hole in the ice which covered a mountain stream and lay down to drink. While in the act he found his nose seized by some sharp toothed creature, and suddenly jerking up his head he threw out upon the ice a trout which weighed two-and-a-half pounds.

About sixty-five thousand bales of cotton, valued at over three millions of dollars, have been destroyed by fire in this country during the last three months.

Neal Dow, the father of the Maine law, has been re-nominated for Mayor of Portland by the Temperance voters of that city.

MASSACHUSETTS LIQUOR LAW.—The Prohibitory Liquor Law re-passed the Senate, April 17th, and now only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law.

SPIRITUALISM.

O. R. A DISCUSSION ON THE CAUSE AND EFFECT OF THE PHENOMENA, attributed to the Spirits of the Departed, by Pres. A. MANN, of Oshkosh, and Prof. R. H. of Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1855. Price 25 cent. For sale by T. S. HAWKS, Post Office building.

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Human Slavery.
Nay, proslavery friend—do not throw the paper down with gun-cotton dudgion, in anticipation of a lecture pointing South. Our magnet has two poles. It points North as well as South, and dips, occasionally, to the center attraction.

It is well known to those who have been accustomed to the perusal of our thoughts, as we have, in various positions, spread them out to public view, that we are innately hostile to every species of human slavery. We not only denounce that abominable system of physical slavery—the offspring of ungodly avarice and inhuman cruelty—which sends ships and pirates to Africa to run down, catch, manacle and abduct that simple-minded family of Gods children, to make chattel property and slaves of them and their posterity forever; but we have eyes to see, unshackled mind to appreciate, and a disposition to eschew and deprecate, every other species of tyranny over physical and intellectual man.

In the Southern states of this Union, moral and spiritual darkness enshrouds the minds of those who might be free, just, wise and good. Selfishness and the want of sympathy, moral justice and spiritual elevation, hold them in the thrall of materiality, and make them tyrants and slaves to bad passions, whilst they hold millions of human bodies in abject servitude, and as many souls in blank ignorance. But these bodies are of but momentary duration; and this ignorance God winks at. The accountability of the master and the slave will be in proportion to their opportunities to acquire knowledge of truth; and their relative conditions in the state of existence to which they are swiftly travelling, will be as the innocence of the one is to that of the other. So let us leave them; doing, as we pass, whatever conscience requires of us, for the betterment of each.

Well might we, of the free states, denounce with still more thundering emphasis, the abomination of human slavery, as it exists in the South, if we were guiltless of enslaving the bodies, intellects and spirits of five times as many millions, who have thrice the capacities to enjoy freedom and to march onward and upward, in the beautiful and pleasant highway of moral, intellectual and spiritual progress. Of this great sin, the dominant mind of the free states, is guilty. And, whilst thus guilty, the denunciations and anathemas which we hurl at southern slaveholders, for their injustice and inhumanity, come from us with a peculiarly bad grace. "Physician, heal thyself," is a hortatory rebuke, with which southerners may respond to our charges of injustice and oppression, with humiliating appropriateness to the category in which we stand.

In how much are we less guilty than they, even as regards physical slavery. Let us look about upon the thousands—nay, the millions, whom we reduce to abject poverty and pauperism, by the same passion for wealth and aggrandizement which is the parent of negro slavery in the southern states. Is it less cruel in us to take from the laboring poor, by way of profits, all the product of their toil, save that which is absolutely necessary to keep their souls and bodies in their present state of miserable companionship, than it is for those whom we denounce, to monopolize the whole earnings of their human chattels, and send them not hungry to their nests of straw? Do we deserve much more credit for leaving our slaves free to work or starve, while we grind them so that they and their children half freeze and half starve, without an eye to pity or an arm to afford them relief? Are southern slaveholders, who take all the responsibility of providing ample, though coarse, sustenance for every child of their slaves, less humane than we are, who take the earnings of fathers and mothers, without a care or a thought for the sufferings of those innocents who shiver in rags and cry for bread? Is it much less christian for southern slaveholders to command a mother to go and toil in the rice or cotton field, and feed her and her children the while, than it is for their mercenary denouncers to see a white mother toil with her needle, all day and till midnight, from day to day and from month to month, whilst they take eleven pence, and leave her a penny, of each shilling she earns, and whilst she and her children would gladly pick up crusts in the street to allay the gnawings of hunger?

But this is only physical slavery, and is as nothing in comparison to that which we otherwise practise continually; because its duration can be but for a little season, in each case.—Whilst southern slaveholders—generally speaking—teach their chattels nothing of God, His attributes, His government, their relations to Him, or the necessity, on their part, of obedience to the laws of their being, leaving them in total darkness, as well spiritual as moral and intellectual; they are guiltless of misrepresenting to them the character of their heavenly Father, or inculcating in their minds gross religious errors which would have to be unlearned, perhaps by centuries of reformatory discipline, in the low spheres of the spirit world, after their transition, before they would be enabled to get into the never-ending path of upward progress, which leads continually to higher and higher beatitudes.

Whilst there is no praise due to those thoughtless and un-sympathizing masters of enslaved human millions, for this negative virtue,

there is a mountain of responsibility and guilt lying upon the souls of those religious teachers in the free states, whose constant vocation it is to represent the all-wise, omnipotent and ever merciful and loving Father of all spirits, as a heartless, soulless and merciless tyrant, in nature and practice. They falsely teach that the reason with which God has endowed the human mind, for its guidance through the dark mazes of the earth-life, is to be repudiated, on pain of damnation, as an emanation from the source of all evil; that it is damnable heresy for man to look into the great book of nature, whose pages are filled with truths written by the hand of Almighty God, for a true theology; that the religious doctrines taught by Jesus Christ, must be taken and understood as they are pleased to construe them, without enquiring whether mercenary motives or sectarian prejudices may or may not have induced them to define this passage as literal and that as figurative, as most comports with their design to hold the human mind in spiritual ignorance and thralldom; and that they are to be considered the legitimate keepers of men's consciences, and to be looked up to as the lights of the world, to be fed and kept burning by the sweat-drops of human toil.

Above all the systems of slavery that have ever shed their baneful influence upon the human family, religious slavery is the most tyrannical, the most grinding, the most crushing, the most debasing. Whilst it seizes, binds in chains and leads into captivity the intellect which God designed should be untrammelled and free, it blinds the interior vision, storms the citadel of reason, falsifies the evidences of the senses, plucks the feathers from the wings of the soaring spirit, and so stultifies and draws the soul that it would seem to require long ages of care and teaching, by tutelary angels, to elevate it above pygmean stature and capacity.

A few minds, here and there one, in all ages of christian idolatry and tyranny, have been endowed by nature with power and courage to break asunder the gyres which were riveted upon their minds and consciences, throw off the incubus of a false and besetting theology, and soar aloft into the pure and vitalizing atmosphere of religious freedom. But they compare, proportionally, with those who remain under the yoke of theological bondage, as the negro slaves of the South, who run away and successfully elude the pursuit of their masters, do with those who remain in physical servitude. Thank God, a better day is dawning upon the minds of those millions, in this country and others, who sit in the valley of the shadow of death, pale and trembling before the ghastly spectre of eternal and infinite misery, which false-hearted and cruel priestcraft, and bigotry have conjured up, to enforce obedience to their dicta and secure to them perpetual and despotic sway in the empire of conscience. Thank God for the light of this hallowed morning, whose bright rays of truth are fast breaking through the thick cloud of darkness and error which has so long enshrouded, like a death pall, the religious world. Thank God that human slavery, not only physical, but moral, intellectual and spiritual, must soon give way, and is now beginning to give way, before the revolutionizing and redeeming influences with which He has been graciously and mercifully pleased to visit this country, and which are evidently destined to pervade, regenerate and bless the whole family of man.

The Spirits in Toronto.

Our esteemed friend, E. V. WILSON, Esq., of Toronto, C. W. writes us, narrating several striking evidences that the spirits of departed friends come to us and make their presence known. He speaks of physical manifestations, such as moving a lady away from the table, in her chain turning her round and moving her from side to side of the room. But the most extraordinary fact which he relates, is the following:

You may recollect the case of my excellent lady friend Miss STEWART, who lingered long between time and eternity, under the ministering care of her spirit friends. Well, she has gone home. On the night of her death, or, rather, birth, I was writing until a late hour. At half past ten, in the evening, there was a gentle rap on my desk; then on the hot air drum, on the piano forte. I stopped for a moment, asked two or three questions of no particular importance, and observed to my rapping friends that I was very much engaged with my forthcoming lecture, and that I had not time to talk with them then; therefore I would bid them good evening for the present. One or two more raps were given, and my excommunicated friends left. At three o'clock in the morning, I finished my lecture, and repaired to my room for rest. While I was preparing for bed, I heard several raps in various parts of the room, and on the head-board after I had retired to bed. At this moment it was fully impressed upon me that it was Miss S. yet I was not aware that she was dead. I at once asked: Is this Miss S.? Yes—Miss Charlotte S.? Yes. I then observed: Miss—Are you dead? and are you an inhabitant of the spirit world? Yes. My hand lay out side of the bed at full length, on the clothes. I then said: Miss S. if this is your spirit now present, and if you wish to convince me that you are in the spirit world, take my hand and shake hands with me. At this my hand was grasped by an unseen hand, and shaken, with a warm and hearty shake, as my friend would have shaken in life. After some remarks on my part, which were assented to by raps from my spirit sister, she left. The next morning, I went to the house of her brother-in-law, where she made it her home, and found the statement of my spirit friend correct.

Rev. C. HAMMOND is expected to speak in Conference Hall, on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon.

The spirit of Professor DAYTON came to us on Sunday night last. We asked him, mentally, to give us a practical lecture on the subject of self-cultivation. As spirits have no power to converse with us orally, he gave us the affirmative sign which is understood between us; and the next day he made his presence known to Miss BROOKS, and commenced the following very able and philosophical lecture; she being totally ignorant of the previous night's arrangement.

Lecture No. 10.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

THE NECESSITY OF THE CULTIVATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTERIOR OR SPIRITUAL FACULTIES OF EVERY HUMAN MIND.

When thought carries the mind to the contemplation of the primal ages of the world we find its developments brought in distinct connection with God, on immutable and all-pervading laws. Not even the minutest atom of matter in creation, exists without it subjected to the laws and principles which naturally govern its refinement and progression. Thus may we advance and find the laws of God manifested throughout the whole of universal nature. All things emanating from the Infinite Mind are considered principles; hence these principles must be perpetuated immutably through eternal ages, and produce an infinite and harmonious action in the divinity and progression of the human soul. The first evidence of creative intelligence, has been discovered to be in an order or species of the Genes Homo; and thus new combinations of mind were resolved into still higher organizations, until profound intellects and logicians have garnered the vast area of science with knowledge of inestimable value. So great have been the actions and motions of development, in the creative power of motion, upon the human mind, that from one mind generated nobler faculties, and by the constant revolution of the combinations of atomic particles of matter, there have evolved great and beautiful demonstrations of human intellect.

There has always been a vast distinction made in the laws of nature and the principles of the Supreme Mind. The law of gravitation, when scientifically understood, is equally as operative to the innumerable empires of spiritual existence, as in the unbounded construction of nature. Hence the indications of the modes of divine existence are the rudimental manifestations of those eternal laws which clearly elucidate the constitutional processes of the spiritual mind and its outward form. The great psychological and spiritual developments of the human mind, that result from the progressive unfoldings of its innate qualities, must sometime be ultimated into the wisdoms and harmonies of another world, which the soul is constantly aspiring towards. As the uncut flower was once the highest embodiment of organized matter, so is the human mind, now, the noblest construction in existence; and its dualty of structural arrangements and harmony of organization, define it to be the highest development of the creative power in the spirit world, except the Infinite Mind. The human soul, who; no longer trammelled by earthly influences, has a perfect harmonization of attributes and elements, the principles of which proceed from the Divine Mind, into spheres below, and determine the position and affections of the spirit, in direct accordance with the laws of affinity.

When the human mind wanders back to the period when the earth seemed almost an eternal solitude; it contemplates the early effect of those laws which now create life and combine particles of matter into the various forms of creation. When first they exerted their force, particles or atoms of matter were drawn together, forming immense bodies; thus instituting an eternal motion upon the spiritual parts.

The principles of life are eternal: hence man is eternal, and finds an existence in the immortal world. Then it is necessary for the internal attributes of the human mind to be well developed, that the spirit, when born into a spiritual world, may be surrounded by the throng of joyous and affectionate spirits, whose pursuits are the laws of man and God. It is necessary for the inner self to be wisely cultivated, not only to determine its position in heaven, but to determine its position upon earth. Man is dependent upon the qualities of mind for his earthly enjoyment. Therefore, it is necessary for him to strive to cultivate his moral and religious principles, that his influence upon less refined mind may be conducive to its proper cultivation. What is a man, though he may have at his command the greatest amount of knowledge of any man in existence, if there is not a pure moral principle in his character, which will prevent him from associating with the errors of his age? If a man is destitute of moral principle, his knowledge will not avail him much. There should be a harmony of moral and religious sentiment in every human mind. Upon minds thus guarded, the temptations of the world would have no very great attractive force. Harmony is observable in every department of creation, where the human mind has penetrated; and the power of the immutable laws of God is constantly increasing as the world becomes more perfectly developed. Again, a man may be highly intellectual and perfectly moral, but if he is destitute of those finer sensibilities which are necessary for the completion of a well developed mind, he cannot attain a very elevated position in the estimation of the world. Man has his peculiarities of feeling; yet it does not necessarily follow, that he must base his actions upon his feelings. Man is generally impulsive. He acts from impulse, and this, sometimes, plunges him into an awful condition; whereas, had he exercised his contemplative faculties, he might have been as good a man as the frail

ness of his outward organization would allow; while, now, he is not. The human mind should seek the pure and beautiful, and act out of the simplicity of its nature, untrammelled by the hypocrisy and vain ambitions of human life. The human mind should not be impeded in its development, by material attractions. Man should not suppress the buoyancy and liveliness of his nature; as, in so doing, he is concealing the beauties of his interior being. He should not suppress the interior cheerfulness of his being; for the soul could not increase in native goodness, but would positively retrograde, and could not develop the properties which characterize the untrammelled mind; because the cheerfulness of the soul is smothered by exterior, distinct and unqualified peculiarities. If a soul is in such a condition, when divested of the impurities ingrafted upon it by human existence, it cannot unite with the principles of a spiritual existence instantaneously; for every thing in this state of existence is absolutely and entirely pure. When a spirit is ushered into a new existence, it may recognize its independence; yet it must first progress from the outward elements of its being, before it can be developed to contemplate the manifestations of God in His operations upon a material and spiritual existence. Then it is necessary for man to guard himself, when undergoing the varied changes of progression, by the action of development. The mind has the freedom of unlimited converse with the principles of nature, both divine and material; and in its primary existence, by studying the laws of God, there will be evolved a vast power of eternal wisdom and moral purity, which will point it to the realm of universal peace.

The sentiments and affections concealed in the deep recesses of the soul, were planted there by a loving Father. You may bury your native goodness and purity beneath the immense weight of materiality; but it must come forth to answer the voice of the Great Giver. What is human life, if man acts not out the true sentiments of his mind, morally, spiritually and religiously? What is human life and its enjoyments, if man conceals the true cheerfulness of his nature, by the influence of external objects? The affections, when based upon the pure and gentle impulses of nature, cannot set aside those benign influences that come from the soul, and erect a superstructure of thought, weak and trembling. No, the true native genius of the mind must respond to the voice of its God, when called upon to manifest its goodness towards its fellow creatures. The lessons of nature generate in the mind new faculties; and the same principles of life action are the same in all objects of creation. It is necessary for the inner self to be refined and unfolded by the true and pure influence of its divine nature, that it may grasp the beauties of morality and adapt them to its condition of development. God has stamped upon every living object the sentient particles emanating from His being, and endowed them with the divine attributes of His nature; and no word or action can prevent the utterance of feeling in the progressive soul, when its attributes of sympathy and love are not appreciated by its associates, whose affections are governed by their selfishness. The affections ebb and flow like the heaving ocean's bosom; and sometimes they are calm and happy; then, again, they are confused, and are wild and strange. This is caused by the affections not being reciprocated by other souls, which creates a pang of anguish when the heart realizes that all its affections must be wasted, being valued only for their exterior advantages.

There is much in human life to learn and unlearn; and there is, perhaps, as often a tear as a smile; which, from the immutable laws of the Divine Mind, ought not to be. It may be that sorrow purifies the soul and prepares it for a pure home in the spirit land. Suffering may awaken and unfold the true feeling of the human soul. Yet there are nature's tears which swell forth from the eternal fount of sympathy, at moments of contemplation, without being wrung from the human heart by harsh treatment, ungentle words and outward circumstances. There is much, very much, in the world to be unfolded to the physical vision, which may try and test the native purity and sympathetic tendency of the human heart towards its associates. There are, in life, so many unnecessary circumstances which darken the affections and crush the divine love of the soul, and which forbid it to exercise its reasoning faculties, that they conceal the actual beauties of life. But there are hours of sympathetic contemplation, when the internal feelings come forth and behold nature unfolded into glorious beauty, and this sends a thrill of gladness to the heart and produces feelings which will never die away, but will ever find an expression of its purity in the glories of eternity.

Every development of life generates new properties of mind; and these properties add to the refinement of the faculties; and when one operation of the generic laws is exhausted by still a higher development of matter or mind, then new changes take place in the progression of the mind. Thus one development exhausts another. So it is forever. Then, if a mind is morally and spiritually progressive, one moral or spiritual development exhausts another, and the mind constantly undergoes a moral or spiritual manifestation, changing the lower for the higher development. Thus, if a man is intellectual and immoral, still greater changes of immorality exhausts the lower, and his immoral desires increase. Then it is absolutely necessary for the mind to be moral, in order to be strictly pure. Intellect without moral purity, will not elevate the spirit in its eternal home, as highly as moral purity without a powerful intellect. Purity is the pervading element of all spiritual things. Hence for minds to occupy true and elevated positions, they must be pure. There is not a human

spirit that has entered the spirit world, spotless and perfectly pure; for this would be in direct opposition to the laws and principles of perfection. But the human spirit can become so pure as to enter the spirit land with its feelings and sentiments harmonizing with the order and arrangements of perfected nature, being developed constantly by higher laws of progression. If the mind were created merely to live and to die, it would necessarily conform to the laws of its existence, and its aspiration would not extend beyond the manifestations of the material world. The savage of the forest strives to answer the demands of his spirit, by reconciling himself to the evidences of his existence, and as he roams through the forests or rows his skill over some stream as it moves sublimely on over its rocky bed, there are within his rough exterior true properties of civilized feelings, which are evidently concealed by the demonstrations of his uncivilized nature, and which, though now untutored, might, when further developed, unfold true attributes of a refined and profound intellect or mind. A savage is not subjected to the will of any man; and though his exterior actions conceal interior motions, his native goodness is unblemished by the iniquities of his material existence. But the civilized man is subjected to the creeds of man; hence he is not as free in his actions as the untutored mind. He has his external desires, and gratifies them, although he is aware of the solemn fact that it is violating the essential principles of his being. It is true that human nature is imperfect; and it also necessarily follows that the actions of human beings must be imperfect. But with all of this considered and contemplated upon, it is not promotive of the happiness of men to plunge themselves into the wickedness of the world; for much exists on the earth that is not good. Man should seek the pure and holy. If, then, temptations beset him, and if he unconsciously err, he cannot certainly be responsible for his sorrowful comings. But if a man err designedly, he is responsible for that premeditation and determined resolution, and for the consummation thereof.

Cultivate your inner self, O man! that you may lay the foundation for your high destiny where the attributes of diffusive happiness and distributive justice are manifested. Approximate as near as possible to the Divine Fount of all goodness, wisdom and power, where the soul of man speeds in its progress with everlasting rapidity, and where, if it lose, in any degree, the momentum of its progression, it must feel its loss for ages. Earlier or later, man must achieve the knowledge that will enable him to attain to the exalted position of his noble destiny, and execute the sublime design of his eternal mission. By the spontaneous emanations of God, man receives and retains his individuality; and from the purest relation of matter, he is continually speeding in his development, to enable the spirit to manifest its evidence of power, to assist in the combination of thought and in the sublimation of the matter with which it is now combined. The soul is a part of God, and is not an arbitrary or stationary creation, but joyously emanates, to form one connection of universal creation, when the causes, laws and elements of its being are manifested in the universe of nature.

As ever,
E. C. DAYTON.

Lecture by the Spirit of Harriet Newell
THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

JESUS WEPT.

Did the loving Jesus weep when he fasted in the wilderness? Did he weep when nailed to the cross and thorns invested his head? Did he weep because he was crucified between two thieves? Ah, no, Jesus wept because a deluded world scorned the truths of their Maker; because they martyred the teachers and followers of truth, morality and beauty. The tears came not from that pure fount of knowledge because the outward self was wounded and tortured, but because men defied the living truths of Him who rules the world by His beneficence and mercy. Though Jesus was born in the lowly manger, though he was the meek and lowly Nazarene, he has left in the history of the world a name that no succeeding reformer has left. His examples of love, kindness and mercy were such that the hardest hearts would be touched with pity if they could go back to eighteen hundred and fifty-five years ago, and see him teaching the uncultivated mind with such patience and deep humility, of the eternal destiny of the spirit and of the ultimate developments of the interior essence and properties, when born into the world of immortality.

He called his men where freedom's standard shielded them from the mythological teachings of creeds and sects. He taught them to love their fellow man and assist him in his struggles for liberty. And at that age, angels descended from heaven to breathe into the minds of those who thirsted for knowledge and wisdom, the truths and elements of true religion. Jesus wept. Did he weep at the tomb of Lazarus, because friends clustered round his cold sepulchre, wherein his inanimate form was laid? No, Jesus wept because those human hearts mourned over the departed dead. He wept because other tears left their traces upon the cheek of the poor and bereaved—upon the proud and haughty—upon the wicked and upon the wise and noble. He wept for their condition, and from out his pure soul came the words and power of consolation, as he pointed the human mind to the existence of the soul through the unceasing ages of eternity. Jesus wept; and not alone did those swelling tears awaken the inner feelings of the wayward soul, but they appealed with a sublime force to the religious sentiments of the human mind, and called forth thoughts that had slumbered for

years in the silent chambers of human hearts; and those unfolding faculties that beautify the soul, began to unfold and strengthen and abounded forth beneath the light of truth and liberty. Though but few loved and admired the character of the pure and lovely Jesus, it was incomparably more important to him to convince one soul of the truths of religion and a Heavenly Father, than to depart to another world, leaving behind him all the worldly fame which the weak heart may crave while in a material existence. Jesus taught not, to the erring, the agonies of an eternity, if they did not seek the way of purity and holiness; but he did teach the human mind that there was a more fearful hell; and that was the darkness, the ignorance and undeveloped condition of the spiritual being, when born into the realms of immortality, if they sought not now to open those eternal qualities of mind to the influence of higher and holier teachings, which were spontaneously flowing from the great invisible Source. Jesus pointed the human mind to the elements, principles and glories of nature, teaching that every thing was a part of God, and that, in learning the principles of life and the constant development of creations of mind and matter, they were obeying and appreciating the true word of Deity. He taught them, amidst the contempt and scorn of the uncivilized and wicked, the ultimate destiny of all souls, and the necessity for the faculties of the mind to be purely and highly developed, in order to occupy a position of brightness, harmony and wisdom in the eternal world.

Every mind is wandering homeward, where the minstrel captures swell in strains of sweetest beauty, to welcome the child of earth to its home in heaven. It is a struggle for the human soul to part with the endearments of its earthly home, for there is not a spot so dear on the wide earth, to the human heart, as home or the scenes of childhood. There are no attractions so sweet—no fonder or tenderer remembrances than the endearments of home. But in heaven, there the soul will find a home where the evergreen thrives as beautifully—where the flowers bloom as sweetly—where the retreats of nature are as lovely, as the home of infant years. Let your spirit contemplate the truth before you, and when the form of a loved one is counted with the dead, weep not for them, but, like the loving Jesus, let your tears flow for the deluded condition of frail human nature. Take example from his teachings, and do unto others as you would they should do unto you. If the ignorant scorn and abuse you, turn your thoughts heavenward, and, like the lowly Nazarene, say: Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. Then you will gloriously rise, where no tear shall start from the eye, no sigh shall come from the heart; but the bursting of the earthly bond shall call the spirit upward to breathe the fragrant breath of purer truths, and where farewell is never spoken. The brow that mirrors forth the strength, the fountain whence flows the tear, may turn to dust; but another form shall be given you, which will prove the perfection and beauty of the immortal soul. Go on; fear not crucifixion at the hands of the ignorant; though they kill the body, the soul they cannot harm. Then seek for truth and liberty; for whether truth is found in a dungeon or a palace, in the beauties of nature or in the bible, it is the word of God.

Very affectionately,
HARRIET NEWELL.

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Narrative of a "Conversion."

The following is the response to a request for unpublished facts illustrative and demonstrative of spirit-intercourse. The narrative, though somewhat long, is given in a style so fresh and terse, that it cannot fail to interest every reader. The intelligence and capacity of the author need no endorsement. We may remark that H. G. Wood, Esq., to whom reference is made by Bro. Simmons, has since become a writing medium, through whose hand a valuable volume, entitled "The Philosophy of Creation," has been given to the public.—*New England Spiritualist.*

Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 2, 1855.
Bro. Newton:

Your request seems as if from a very near brother—having known you by your noble efforts in the cause of Spiritual Freedom.—Would to God that I had power of expression to condense the "facts" which you call for.—Attempting to be brief I may be abrupt.

Three years ago this very month, I witnessed the first "manifestations" which I ever saw; and I must acknowledge that the first time I ever felt my heart beat for immortality, the throbbing was stirred by the "raps" upon our old pine table. In the miniature thunder "which met me there, there was a proof of a power which I had never recognized in the crashing thunder of the sky."

Let me be plain—I was very skeptical, and phrenologists told me, I did not believe in anything. Well, it chanced that in our rural district there was a stranger (H. G. Wood), teaching our school; and it "came to pass" (much to his mortification) that sundry raps and sounds were made upon the books, slates, and desks, with which he came in contact.—Now this same teacher tried to hush the matter. He went to his brother, who lived out of our region, often by night; and while scandal said, "he is out every night playing cards," he was, with his relative, consulting Horace Greeley, through the *Tribune*, that he might break up the electricity which was becoming exceedingly annoying about his parts and person. Mr. Greeley, from time to time, advised them to examine the matter, and gave the modus operandi. The result was, that they found electricity very intelligent, and prone to dwell upon the fond memories of the loved and lost.

There could no silence or conceal the matter, hence rumor reported, at length, that our "minister" was a rapper. The neighborhood was up in arms, and from sundry demonstrations upon the part of men in the flesh, he became "sore afraid," and said it was all gammon.

At this juncture, our family decided upon my asking him to our house, upon the consideration that the matter should be kept quiet. Earnestly believing the Rochester knockings were a humbug, as also the more common attempts to spiritualize the world, I asked him to take tea with us. He came without knowing our intentions; and, after supper, when our family was quiet, we heard slight snappings around his chair, also upon the walls and floor near him. He became uneasy; and then for the first time said that he was haunted with the "Rochester Spirits," and expressed a hope that we would not believe him in sympathy with such things. We told him then frankly, that it was on account of the "marvels" that we pressed his company, and that we wished to have him at ease. We then sat around the table, and in due time heard slight tickings, which soon became louder and louder. My suspicions were, that he was juggling us; yet, from the first, he seemed very frank. He said that we could ask questions, and get answers. We did so, and great was our surprise to find that mental questions were answered just as readily as verbal ones. This medium was all the while laughing at our growing warmth in the matter, and said that we could get communications from this strange "thing," by pointing at the alphabet. Telling us how Mr. Greeley had instructed him, he kindly opened our way. I got my old spelling-book, and deliberately my father's name was given (he died when I was young), and also this burning sentence: "I wish an unhesitating belief that I am here." Following this the names of other relatives were given, and varied communications which strikingly reminded us of them.

I noticed that every new name was announced by a new-toned rap; and that it was not necessary for the medium to hold his hands upon the table, (as he sat four feet from it part of the time); also, that, by our request, the sounds would travel all over the table, although we could not command them.

These things were rather startling; but I did not wish to be tricked into happiness; so I tried to test the matter. My first precaution was to hide the alphabet entirely from the medium, which had no effect, for the sentences were spelled with the same unerring intelligence. Upon one occasion, Mr. Wood was sitting engaged in reading a poem, and a skeptical friend was seated in a distant room pointing at the alphabet, while another acted as teller (a very slow process), by passing, in intervals of about one minute, from one room to another, and giving notice when the sounds were heard. The result was the same as if they had been side by side.

Fearing that Mr. Wood's mind might somehow control the raps, and that he might in some manner draw from my mind facts and letters, and after I had obtained a part of a sentence, I suddenly passed in the middle of a word, and handed the list of letters to my mother; she, by pointing, obtained, without seeing what I had, and without any one seeing what she got, several letters. I then abruptly handed the alphabet to my wife, and she got several letters more; and then in due order we placed the results together, and found that we had obtained a part of a beautiful sentence, which was afterwards finished by the invisible intelligence. Here was an end to the idea of a special mingling of mind, for our organizations were very different.

Now while I was taxing my ingenuity to foil this intelligence, I found myself fooled upon every side. We sat until nearly midnight upon the evening above named; and, while we mingled a capacious spirit with our queries, we were met with a firm moderation and candor, which, we could see with half an eye, was foreign to our minds. We began to talk with this intelligence, as though it were (in our mind) really spirits. But it seemed too good, too glorious, to be true. We pressed our spirit-friends to come again the next eve; they promised, and bade us "good night." Thus ended our first lesson, which I have so imperfectly told.

Mr. Wood went to his school the next day, but not until I had made him promise to come to us again at night. I went to my ordinary work upon the farm during the day, and began to doubt the whole affair, and longed for another chance to grapple with it. Evening again came, and at an early hour we were at the table.

When the manifestations began this night, the sounds were as loud as though some one was walking upon the table. I boast not of bravery, nor do I acknowledge myself a coward; but I felt a deep awe. What in the name of Heaven is this? I involuntarily asked. Mr. W. seemed indifferent, and we began to talk with him. He said he was not alarmed; for, said he, this is only detached electricity; and we can will it if we only are determined. He said that the Magnetic Telegraph was once a mystery, and that this, like that, would some day be understood. He proposed to make this electricity rap out a Jim Crow song, and treat us to fun. Heavy raps were heard, and as I pointed at the alphabet the name of a stranger was given, and he (the spirit) said that he was going to give a communication thirty hours in length. We were astonished, and begged this stranger to give way and let our spirit friends talk with us; but of no avail. This stranger spirit was firm, and as we could not coax or drive the matter, we began to take down the letters, somewhat humbled. We got a part of a sentence, and all at once the raps ceased. We asked them to go on. Following this there came a new-toned rap, and it gave us this request: "Will you pray?" We were thunderstruck at this freak of Mr. Wood's "electricity," and declined. The raps said they would not proceed unless we would comply. We, after a while, timidly asked, "who must pray?" The answer was, that I must!

This was a hard one; I remonstrated, but of no use. In fact, it seemed as if my family were desirous to see my infidel heart humbled; they suggested that it would not do me any hurt; I thought it might be good "fun" for them, but had for me. Well, after bickering for a long time, I surrendered without discretion—I tried to pray. I begged to be allowed to pray mentally; but no, I must pray aloud. I was strangely confused; I began to pray aloud, and "broke down" worse and worse; while Mr. Wood was ready to burst into uncontrollable laughter at my trouble with the spirits.

Bro. Newton, do not frown upon us. We were all "sinners," and were dealing with a novel thing. After my poor attempt to pray, the spirits seemed satisfied; and feeling as though a mountain was removed from my breast, I asked them to go on with their communication. They said that they were ready to comply when we would pray; and that the medium must now pray. He "bolted," said he did not believe in spirits, in a future, or in a God; and, moreover, said he would not be humbled into a prayer. He began to show some wrath and left the table and said that he "would not sit any more for the confounded thing was taking a new turn." He suggested, in bitter sarcasm, that a very pious person in our neighborhood, who was always praying, and who lived at others' expense, would be a good hand to manage this "gun." But after long solicitation, and after we had promised never to "tell," Mr. W. who was a proud young lawyer, attempted to pray, and it is no credit to me to say that he made out worse than I had done. He began to shed tears and laugh alternately, and, crushed in spirit, ceased. My mother and wife, who had talked to us for our unwillingness to try to pray, were now told that they must "pray"; and, to make short this tale, I will say that their first prayers alone were failures. It was as hard for them to comply as for either of us.

The spirits now said that they were satisfied, and next we had a keen rebuke. They said, "we have been with you since last night, and have heard you boast that you could control the electricity, make it rap out low songs and treat you to fun. Now tell us, if you have done so. Have we got 'willed' you, instead of your willing us? Your prayers have not changed God, but they have changed your idle boast, and this manifestation must rivet one fact in your minds, viz: that 'electricity' is stern as well as intelligent."

Great God! how this cutting rebuke fell upon our proud hearts! They said, "Have you no more respect for the departed than to make merry over this demonstration of their existence?" We were now sober beings, I assure you; the cold, stoical pride of the schoolmaster was melted. We could not distrust our senses, for we all saw alike.

Before we closed our sitting upon this second night, we had an addition to the communication which was so abruptly arrested that we might first pray against our will. After some astonishing tests following the above, our second evening with the manifestations closed by their giving us much good advice, and loving counsel.

Thus ended our second lesson; it was a bitter test, but still wisest and kindest that our loving friends could have given us; for full well do I know that all of the "ministers" on earth

could not have softened us into prayer;—they could not have driven us to this humility, for we would have been burned at the stake first. Yet another power, which we now firmly believe to be "ministering angels," could do this and more. This paved the way for much more, which I shall not attempt to speak of now.

By a long array of facts like these, I have become an undoubting believer in the future, and in the present. If Christians sneer, and ask what good this thing has ever done, I must humbly yet sternly answer, that it has done for me what they never could have done:—It has made me lose the fear of death, so that death to me, now, is no more; and I can say, "O Death, where is thy victory?" I am not alone; thousands within the last year have been similarly blessed.

I have chosen to speak only of my two first evenings with the spirits; feeling that, even in this lengthy epistle, I could not do justice to what I saw, as I have but partially presented the facts. It requires much explanation, and more expression than I can master, to make these things seem life-like. With a thankful heart,

Yours, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.

The following sensible article we take from the editorial column of *The Woman's Advocate*. We suppose it to be from the pen of the principal address: A. E. McDOWELL. It bears the impress of a capable and cultivated mind.

"Highly Accomplished Women."

How sick we have grown of these words. The world has more than enough of such. It needs educated, earnest, working women—educated to become companions to father, brother, husband, and son. Earnest, in the desire to burst the fetters with which indolence and avarice have bound them, and become something beside the nervous, shrinking, and inefficient beings they now are; working ever with might in the great cause of Truth and Justice, making their lives beautiful by deeds of humanity, charity, and love.

We would not be understood as utterly condemning the fashionable accomplishments of the day. They do not in the slightest degree interfere with the highest mental culture; a high-minded noble hearted woman is none the less so, for being a fashionable, graceful or beautiful one. It is by no means necessary in cultivating the intellect, woman should eschew all the gentle and attractive graces of her sex. On the contrary, we would impress upon her that it is her duty to be as pretty and fascinating as she can.

It has been urged as a great cause of complaint against those who, by fitting themselves for a life of usefulness and profit, have "stepped out of their sphere," that they at once lose all pride, in appearance, and affect to despise the winning and endearing graces practiced by others less highly gifted than themselves. They express their contempt for the folly of such by wearing ill-fitting dresses, badly shaped shoes, frightfully ugly bonnets, and go about with rough, ungloved hands. This is a species of self-sacrifice we might appreciate, and think heroic, if they could in any degree benefit the cause in which they feel interested, by making fights of themselves; but we never can be convinced that a badly dressed, or slatternly woman, who hates music, birds, and little children, (however well-educated, or strong-minded), could advocate a good cause, with half so much effect, as if she were neatly attired, well-mannered, and confessed to a few feminine likings of this sort.

But we would most earnestly express our distaste for such as are known generally as "highly accomplished women." Those who are learned in the science of music, can lip French, Italian, and Spanish prettily, who can draw, paint, and dance to perfection, and do nothing else—nothing to better their own souls, nothing to make home happy, nothing to fill a husband's heart, nothing to inspire children in a noble ambition for a pure life, nothing to create their respect, esteem, and admiration.

We once heard a distinguished statesman say: "If I have achieved aught of greatness, I owe it all to my sister. Let motherless at an early age, I fell to her charge, and nobly she fulfilled her promise to be to me protector, adviser, friend." She fitted herself to become my teacher, eagerly entered into the course of studies she designed me to pursue; her clear and vigorous mind peculiarly fitted her for her task of imparting instruction. She fitted me for college, decided me in the choice of a profession; and when wearied by cares, and harassed by doubts of ultimate success, her words of encouragement and cheer, were ever ready to console, and strengthen me. What higher office, what nobler mission could woman desire, than thus to awaken to action, and usefulness, the grandest spirit of the age.

Again, in speaking of her, he said: "In spite of the many arduous duties which devolved upon her, apart from the care of a willful boy, she was the best dressed and most truly accomplished woman I ever knew." High praise this, from one who had spent years of his life at the gayest court and among the most attractive women in the world.

Such women are rare; yet they do exist; and when found "their price is far above rubies." Such are they who do "their husbands good and not evil all the days of their life." Could woman but feel what immense influence for good or ill they exercise on those around them, better nature might be aroused; but whilst they remain impressed with the idea that in looking pretty, speaking softly and dressing tastefully, they fulfil the entire aim of their existence, they will ever remain useless drones in the beehive of life.

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The Magic Mirror.

The following strange story is related by the author of *Traditions of Edinburgh*. It is related among Notices of the Countess of Stair, contributed to the Edinburgh Journal.

The lady, afterwards Countess of Stair, was married very young to Lord P——, who used her very cruelly. The writer, after relating an instance of brutality, proceeds—

Lord P—— soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence a foreign conjuror or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, whatever the distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady P——, who had lost all trace of her husband, was excited by curiosity, to go with a female friend to the lodgings of this person, in the Canongate, for the purpose of enquiring regarding his motions.

It was at night; and the two ladies went with the tartan screen or plaids of their servants drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady P——, having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the inside of a church, with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment she recognized in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband, Lord P——. The magical scene thus so strangely displayed was not exactly like a picture; or if so, it was rather like the live pictures of the stage, than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had, at last been all made; and the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands; when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady P—— thought she recognized a brother of her own, then, abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party. The aspect of this person was at first that only of a friend who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but as he advanced towards the party the expression of his countenance and figure was altered considerably. He stopped short, his face assumed a wrathful expression, he drew his sword, rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately after vanished entirely away.

When Lady P—— got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, taking particular care to note the day and hour when she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon after her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he had happened to hear or see anything of Lord P——? The young man only answered by saying that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady P——, however questioned him so closely, that he at last confessed having met his Lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a very rich merchant who had a beautiful daughter, his only child and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend the merchant informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a scottish gentleman who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days; and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but fortunately in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in the human shape—his own brother-in-law. Lord P——!

Although Lady P—— had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror, by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with the fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord P——'s attempted marriage take place exactly at that time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place? Having been informed, she took out her key and requested him to go to her chamber, to open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady P—— had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials, on the very evening they were transacted in reality.

This strange story, with all its strange and supernatural circumstances, may only excite a smile in the incredulous modern. All that the narrator can say in its favor is simply this: it fell out in the hands of honorable men and women, who could not be suspected of an intention to impose upon the credulity of their friends; it referred to a circumstance which the persons concerned had the least reason in the world for raising a story about; and it was almost universally believed by the contemporaries of the principle personages, and by the generation which succeeded. It was one of the stock of traditional stories of the mother of a distinguished modern novelist; a lady whose rational good sense and strength of mind were only equalled by the irreproachable purity and benevolence of her character.

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burden settle over its withered hopes, like mow on the faded flowers, no rude blasts mow through its desolated chambers.

Your life-path may lead you through trials, which for a time seemed utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious room may be exchanged for a single lowly room—the soft couch for a straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unspitting world pass you, with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily, on to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice that would extort the last farthing till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in tearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future. Do not lose all your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love is a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuit. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the edge of death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

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DELICIOUS PERFUME, AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PRODUCING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSS.

The superiority of the ROSE HAIR GLOSS in this respect, consists, not merely in its lubricating elements, but is chiefly attributable to its efficacy in cleansing the scalp of scurf or dandruff, stimulating the vessels, and promoting the healthy secretion of Nature's own Hair Oil.

The first application of the Rose Hair Gloss should be abundant, not forgetting the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. Afterward a small quantity is sufficient, and the beneficial result will soon appear; the hair, before harsh, crisp and dry, becomes invested with a dark rich lustre; the scalp is clean free and healthy; the thin, feeble filaments grow out thick and strong; and by a continued use of this care, the hair will be preserved in its original, healthy luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of his life.

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results, and the LOW price for LARGES bottles, make it as the Cheapest, and as we are confident it combines all the active agents which have yet been discovered for promoting the vegetative power, strength and beauty of the hair, we believe it is the best Hair preparation in the world.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Keep the bottle corked. Liberal terms to Agents and wholesale purchasers. B. M. MOORE, Druggist, 225 Main st., Buffalo. B. O. NOBLE, Westfield, Proprietors.

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